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# IDYLLS AND LYRICS

BY

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, K<sup>NT</sup>.

M.A., HON. FELLOW JES. COLL., OXFORD, AND TRIN. COLL., LONDON  
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# IDYLLS AND LYRICS.



## MORNING SONG.

AWAKE, arise !

Day's shining eyes

Open unclouded to the waking skies ;

Night and the hosts of Sleep,

Dispersed, defeated, creep

To their Lethæan dens and sunless caverns deep.

Hark ! with the day

His roundelay

Each brave bird sings, and speeds away ;

Aloft, on circling wings,  
The mounting skylark sings,  
A denizen of air, scorning terrestrial things.

Arise, awake !  
And, singing, make  
Thy morning orisons for Love's sweet sake.  
Awake, awake, arise !  
Keep the cerulean skies  
Reflected in the faithful azure of thine eyes.

## IN THE BAPTISTERY.

IN Pisa once, within the Baptistery  
I well remember, the astonished ear  
Took sounds too sweet for earth. For as we stood  
Beneath the fretted ambit of the dome  
The poor guide lifted a worn voice, not sweet,  
But skilled to evoke the subtle harmonies  
Which lurked in those dim heights ; a common voice  
And earthy as the accents, coarse and dull,  
Of some street singer at a tavern door,  
Frighting the midnight street ; some hackneyed phrase  
Stolen from the Missal-book, so poor and flat  
We fain had silenced it.

But hark ! but hark !

Ere it is done what heavenly harmonies  
Flout those poor tones of earth. The ambient air  
Seems filled with voices, voices everywhere,  
Of some angelic choir, which swell, which beat,  
Reverberating ; circling waves of sound,  
Now single, doubled now, and resonant  
And grown together, and interlaced and lost  
In some unearthly sweetness mystical,  
Till all the enchanted vault is charged with joy,  
As when of old, by some sea isle remote,  
The lurking Sirens drew the listening crews ;  
Or as the chanting quires which soar and fall  
In hoary fanes ; or the aërial flights  
Of the angelic host whose heavenly tones  
The rapt Cecilia heard ; or those white ranks  
Of gold-haired Seraphs, chanting row on row,  
With viol and voice and trump, the painter saw  
And filled with high-pitched music for all time



---

Though no sound come. Anon the circling waves,  
Ebbing and flowing through the stately round  
Of that great dome, are driven back, wave on wave.  
High, repercussive, till they sink and die,  
As might the wavelets of the summer sea,  
In sweetness, and transform themselves and flow  
In some low gracious melody which sighs,  
Fainter and fainter, to its perfect close,—  
As 'twere the soaring, rapt, angelic choir  
Which vanished in heaven's vault and left earth dumb  
Of music, first the uplifted, pealing, high  
Archangels' trumpets, then the chanting saints,  
And then the faint child-angels' voices last.

## MELIORA.

THE feeble folk wane through the ages, and careless the  
Mighty ones smite them ;

Who is there that shall avenge the shedding of innocent blood ?

Over the earth and the sea, the spoiler and slayer triumph,  
Till the low sobs grow to a shriek, and the tears to  
a flood.

Careless are they, the strong, secure of the fathomless  
Future ;

As it has been shall it be even to the pitiless end.

In their dens, by the hills, or the sea, long ages the  
bickering cave-men,

Armed with their sharpened flints, rob and ravish and  
slay ;

The smoke of the Aztec victims steams up from the  
Mexican altars,

And the quivering heart is torn by the priests from  
the living breast ;

The bearded Assyrian treads on the necks of the van-  
quished foemen ;

The shafts from the chariot pierce the huddled  
wretches who fly.

On the tombs of the Nile's grave lords still marches the  
doleful procession—

The captives go forth to swift death or the lifelong  
doom of the slave.

Laurel-crowned, up the Capitol's steep the heavy-eyed  
Cæsar advances ;

Splendid the triumph rolls by, with the fettered  
captives behind ;

The half-famished lions leap forth on the sands of the  
bloody arena,

And for ages no pitying thrill touches those merciless  
hearts.

Through all time under African skies, the tyrant or slaver  
oppresses ;

The red man slays and is slain on the limitless plains  
of the West ;

Through the weary suffering Past, far and wide, by land  
and o'er ocean,

The feeble are trampled down, and only the mighty  
are blest.

Comes there no end of these things ? shall men murder  
and ravage for ever ?

Shall not a mightier hand give to the desolate Peace ?

And thou, my Britain, unconquered, untrod by the foot  
of the foeman,

Hast thou deep Peace indeed in thy borders, or  
imminent strife ?

Thou who slayest the savage with bolts from thy murderous death-dealing engines,

And lettest thy children starve in the midst of plenty around,

Though to-day thou seemest at rest, shalt thou scorn the lesson of ages,

Singing thoughtless pæans of Peace in a time wherein no Peace is?

When the graves of the slain lie thick, Lorraine, on thy vine-covered hillsides,

And the New World echoes and throbs with the stress of a fratricide strife ;

When the cry of the tortured for Christ rises up from ravaged Armenia,

And the murdered myriads appeal from the fiendish Moslem in vain ;

Maidens outraged, and teeming mothers cut open, the innocent children

Dashed to death on the stones of the street, or spared  
for a crueller lust,  
While strong Europe, too selfish to aid, is wrecked by  
her useless battalions,  
And the people, affrighted, shrink back from the  
thought of the terrors to be ;  
When fiends plot together in secret, driven mad by un-  
reasoning hatred,  
Flinging death and destruction unmoved, though 'tis  
only the innocent bleed,  
And groans of the strong men rise, who fain would  
labour, but may not,  
While their pale-faced children starve or rot in their  
feverish dens ;—  
What heart has a man to tell of an infinite ruth and  
pity,  
Whose ears are filled with the noise of the woes and  
the sorrows around ?

Shall the common lot take thee too, O dear land, the  
doom of the feeble,

When the strength that was thine is spent, and the  
foemen beleaguer thee sore?

Nay ; destroy not the reckless savage, who flings his rude  
manhood against thee,

Whom thy pitiless engines mow down as a mower the  
grass of the field.

But keep thou thy Power unassailed, and be just and  
fear not the future ;

With equal and merciful laws make thou thy wide  
Empire, rejoice !

Be to thy children a Mother, be they as brother to  
brother,

Acting the precept divine which was taught by thy  
Teacher and Lord ;

Let thy strong sons raise up thy weak, through a Christ-  
like strength of compassion,

Bearing each other's burdens, and lightening each  
other's woes ;

Let not the State any more turn with pitiless aspect  
averted

From the sight of the people's pain, unheeding their  
pitiful cry.

Scorn thou the pedants who prate of dead laws stern  
and unbending,

Based only on selfish instincts, and spurning the  
general good,

Knowing one limit alone to the Commonwealth's pro-  
vince of mercy—

That no action of all shall mar the life-giving effort  
of each.

Let thy Empire of self-governed men prove how weak is  
the arm of the despot,

How mighty the sum of the strength of myriads  
obeying the law.



Save thou the weak from themselves when strong temptations assail them,

The curses of Greed and of Sloth, the Demons of Lust and of Drink.

By patient toil without price, raise thou in the hearts of the lowly

The white bloom of knowledge, to swell to wisdom's ineffable fruit.

Destroy not the humble home, when the strength of the worker has vanished,

And the young have gone from the nest, and the cottage is silent and still.

Let the State, with wise providence, aid the faithful servants of labour

To an honest wage for their toil, and relief from the sorrows of age.

Raise the myriads of poor and cast-down from the sloughs where to-day they languish,

Teach them the civic sense, their duty to man and to  
God.

Join thou and thy children your strength, till the nations  
learn the unreason,

The folly, the mischief, the crime of the murderous  
evils of war ;

Let a stronger league of Peace dispel the jealous sus-  
picions,

The angers, the senseless hates, which divide and  
distract men to-day,

Till the Voice of Justice is heard, August, Inviolable,  
Awful,

Where now are the myriad cries of causeless passion  
and hate ;

Then let the Judge ascend to his Throne, and the weak  
and the strong be judged.

FROM A RUINED TOWER.

THE eyes of dreaming Fancy fall  
On ivied tower and moss-grown wall,  
And straightway o'er the unlovely Past  
The glamour of Romance is cast.

Forth from the high portcullised gate  
The knights and damsels ride in state,  
The white plumes nod, the rich robes gleam,  
Mail flashes like a sunlit stream.

And all that sordid story mean,  
The sin, the suffering that have been,  
The lifelong dungeons dark and foul,  
The tortured limbs, the famished soul,

Fade from the self-deluded mind,  
And eyes by wayward Fancy blind,  
Till of the crime, the blood, the pain,  
No faintest memories remain.

Ah ! wayward Fancy, turn from these  
Fond dreams and bootless fantasies ;  
Upon the living, not the dead,  
Are golden rays of noontide shed.

The lives to-day of small and great  
March onward to a nobler fate ;  
Hopes higher, darker fears they hold,  
Than those ignoble days of old.

The Present's wider, fuller life,  
Its loftier aims, its keener strife,  
Can deeper touch the yearning heart  
To higher song and truer art.

And fairer still and nobler far  
The glimpses of the Future are :  
The race transfigured, wrong redressed,  
Creation tending towards the Best.

And queenly Knowledge, thronèd fair,  
Mistress alike of Earth and Air,  
Crowned with a diadem of Peace,  
Watches her boundless realms increase.

Turn, wayward Fancy, turn thine eye  
From these false tales of chivalry ;  
The Night is past, the Day begun,  
Salute, acclaim the ascending Sun.

## A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

SHALL woman's pitying love

Its object seek in vain?

Comes there to-day our hearts to move

No hopeless, innocent pain?

The dull world speeds on its unbending course—

No law there seems but Force !—

And those whose tender hearts would seek

To aid the helpless weak,

Too oft, with folded hands, sit impotent

Waiting the dark event.

So loud the doubting voices are,

We scarce may stir at all,

Though at the shock of ruthless war  
The young battalions fall !  
Over all lands in vain  
The toiling worker's pain  
Speaks, with a terrible voice unheard,  
Its awful Sibylline word !  
Hardly we dare assuage

The ever-growing ills of Age,  
Who, knowing how the lifelong sufferers live,  
Know, too, how hard the task to wisely give.  
The homes of healing languish for the gold

The rich, perplexed, withhold :  
Since hardly may our minds discern the clue  
To separate the false need from the true—  
So hard to tell if that we strive to do

Make not the tangle worse,  
And bring, indeed, no blessing, but a curse !

One cause there is, indeed—  
Alas for all the Christian centuries !—  
Calls clear from childish lives that bleed  
With daily miseries.  
Within a thousand homeless homes to-day  
The sot, the savage, bear remorseless sway—  
Vile souls, and hearts of stone !  
With none to heed the helpless children moan—  
Starved, beaten, prisoned, drugged, tormented, slain :  
In life a burden, but in death a gain !

Shall these still suffer ? Shall the State's tired arm,  
Too slow to save from harm,  
Its dim eye, by a thousand cares, grown blind,  
No willing helpers find ?  
These little ones ! Shall they unaided pine ?  
Who, fresh from the creative Hand Divine,



Bring to our sad, laborious earth

Bright memories of their birth !

Who 'neath a happier, juster fate

May give strong, willing workers to the State !

Here no doubt comes ; here is our duty plain :

Soothe, tender women, soothe their hopeless pain !

And trample, with a righteous anger strong,

This thrice accursèd wrong !

AD ANIMAM.

THEREFORE I said unto my Soul, " Rejoice,  
Oh Soul, be comforted, for thou long time  
Hast fared upon the snow-clad heights, and breathed  
The icy mountain air, and watched the dawn  
Steal upward from the Eastern rim, and marked  
The silver shafts transmuted into gold  
By the uprushing Sun, and oft alone,  
Sole, unattended, save of thine own strength,  
Above the slumbering cities seen the throngs  
Wake the hushed streets, and heard the warring  
sounds  
Of joy and sorrow, birth and death, arise,  
Blent in the sweet sad symphony of Life,

And the tired world revive. And thou hast smiled,  
Flouting the aimless struggle from afar  
On thy untrodden height, the stress, the toil,  
And trouble of the Race ; dwelling apart  
From wars and tribulations, and the clash  
And jangle of opposing schools, convinced  
That all alike were vain, and mocking all.

“ Nor hast thou bowed thee with hysteric zeal  
At shrines which were not Reason’s, casting down  
The birthright of thy freedom and the gains  
Of Man’s long upward struggle, and the hope  
Of his high-soaring Future, in the mire  
At the priest’s bidding, while the blinding fumes  
Of the swung censers and the magic spell  
Of Art and Music chained thee, eye and ear.  
But standing cold, aloof, disdain’dst to kneel  
Where the throng knelt, incredulous, alone.

“Nor hast thou wallowed in the sensual sty,  
Nor known the fetters Youth and Dalliance  
Bind round the nascent life, the mists of sense  
Quenching youth’s pure white fire ; but by thy cell  
And midnight lamp, Divine Philosophy  
Sate grave, with clear cold eyes ; and wholesome  
toil

Engrossed thy days and purged thee of all stain  
Of sin, till thou, to godlike stature grown,  
Didst spurn the grosser Earth.

Therefore, oh Soul,  
Rejoice, and be thou glad.”

But not a word  
Of answer came, but through the formless void,  
Beyond the circuits of the faintest stars,  
A thin wail, like the melancholy wind  
Among the high-set pines or caverned rocks,

Hopeless, revoluble, reverberant,  
And deepening to a groan, which seemed to say,  
“ Oh, self-deceived, self-righteous, nothing worth,  
And self-betrayed ! Oh, fool ! in vain ! in vain ! ”

## A MODERN IDYLL.

### I.

CROWNING the sapphire of our Southern sea  
The white cliffs gleam. Above the dark pines rise  
From purple heather. The clear autumn sky  
Bears white winged cloudlets, drifting leisurely  
Across the azure. A caressing breeze  
Breathes upon sea and sky, and wakes the deep  
To rippling laughter. All is calm and peace.  
Calm the clear evening of untroubled lives,  
As if no trumpet-blast of woe and pain  
Might wake their slumbering depths and wreck their  
peace ;  
And calm the aspect of the smiling sea,

As if no tempest ever lashed the surge  
To thunder in the ocean caves, nor dashed  
Strong ships to ruin, nor sowed the rocky walls  
With undistinguished corpses of the dead.

Here on a golden August eve of old,  
Two score of years ago, on that calm sea,  
Churning the slumbering waters into foam,  
A long black hull, trailing a cloud of smoke,  
Throbbled swiftly to the West. 'Twas time of war,  
And this a troopship from the neighbouring port  
Laden with youthful lives, for whom swift Fate  
Had come to change the frivolous daily round  
Of strenuous idleness, the sloth, the rust  
Of long ignoble peace for the wild joy  
Of battle, the tame fields of common flowers  
For the red rose of perilous enterprise  
Which wounds the hand that grasps it. The great ship

Sped with its thousand hopes, its diverse fates  
Of fame and golden ease, of death and pain,  
The white thread with the black, the enchanted skein  
Which weaves the mystic vesture of our lives.

There in a high cliff-garden, mute, alone,  
A young girl sat, her head upon her hand ;  
Her fair hair hid her brow, her cheek was pale.  
Shyly, she waved her handkerchief, then flushed,  
Marking an answering signal from the deck,  
“Farewell, dear heart, farewell.” Then the ship passed,  
But still she watched. At last the western cape  
Shut out the view, and then she dropped her eyes,  
Sobbing ; and on the unbounded ocean plains  
And on the high-set downs and misty leas,  
And painted glories of the autumnal flowers,  
Smooth laurel and the feathery tamarisk,  
The swift gloom fell, and left her weeping there.



Then when the twilight fell, and a cool breeze  
Breathed from the sea, shivering, but not with cold,  
She rose, a tall young figure, lithe and slim,  
Crowned with the crown of youth, and health and grace  
And innocence ; and to the new-lit house  
She stole, and softly up the noiseless stair  
Sped to her maiden chamber ; knelt awhile  
In speechless prayer, then bathing her sad eyes  
To hide the tell-tale tears, in virgin white,  
Lit by one blushing rose, descended slow  
To where the din, confused, of eager talk  
Burst from the opened door ; and, scarce perceived,  
Passed like a breathing statue, and feigned to smile  
And seemed to share the polished trivial themes  
Of books and pictures, plays and politics ;  
And, always smiling, listened ; till the talk  
Turned to the war and its quick coming ills,  
And, since none knew her secret, all the fears

Of trouble, the strong forces of the foe,  
The dread of coming pestilence, the strength  
Of the great fortress, all the miseries  
Of frozen winter on the unsheltered heights—  
A hundred presages of ill. At last  
One, turning to her, marked her ashy face,  
Pale lips, and closing eyes, as, faint and white,  
She sank upon her chair. Soon with forced smiles  
And slow-reviving pulse, she rose and went,  
Vowing 'twas nothing but the heat, the glare  
Of the long cloudless day, and, scorning aid,  
Swept slowly to her room, and there within  
The locked door swooned, and fell prone on her bed,  
And lay long time unconscious ; then again  
Revived, but from her mother's soothing hand  
And kiss and tender words of comfort shrank,  
Locking her fateful secret in her heart.

Sweet Amy Howard, opening like a rose  
In youth's enchanted air, to the gay town  
Came forty Mays ago, and there she took,  
The darling of an old patrician home,  
Whatever innocent pleasure might await  
The happy young. The Court's high pageantries  
Opened swift doors to her. The snowy plumes  
Crowning the girlish head, the glittering gems,  
The flowers, the costly robes, the stately trains ;  
Tragedy's cleansing tears : the singer's voice  
Thrilling the stately throng, the streets aglow  
With gliding lights, the whirling dances sweet  
Fainting with dawn, the brief hushed hours of rest,  
And happy dreams ; the ambling cavalcade  
Through the brisk morn beneath the scented limes ;  
The vernal harvest of the fictive hand  
On canvass or in stone ; the clustering blooms  
In thronged marquees ; the martial melodies,

Rising and falling 'mid the courtly crowd  
On smooth pleached lawns ; the flower-hung barges,  
moored  
On the cool stream to watch the flashing oars  
Through sweet June days ; the sheen of straining limbs  
Flashing like lightning by ; the rippling flow  
Of youthful laughter, when the rich and fair  
Met with each joyous day ;—all these were hers  
One summer long ago. And then the dream  
Faded in grosser day, and that clear sky  
Was veiled with cloud, and on that youthful life  
There passed the first grey shadow of the unknown.

For that strong primal passion which inspired  
Man's voice when Time was young—in the old East,  
Beneath the desert stars, old Greece, old Rome,  
As now in populous cities, North and South,  
In all the countryside, by hill and dale,

In this grey teeming London of our love,—  
Had swept her chords of life and played on them  
The old mysterious music, blinding sweet,  
Which takes young hearts ; the melody of Pan  
Which floods the listening soul, and leaves it deaf  
Thenceforth to lower tones. This taking her,  
Silenced the strains of mirth, and turned the girl  
To woman, though the face and form were young—  
A woman knowing care.

But he to whom she gave her girlish heart  
Was worthy of her—a young soldier bold,  
Careless and pleasure-loving, yet untouched  
By grosser sense ; the scion of a house  
High born, yet unennobled as the use  
Of rural England is, whereon the load  
Of long-inherited burdens bears so hard,  
That while the eldest born alone is set

In lifelong ease, the rest the happier lot  
Of Labour takes, and by the sword, the pen,  
Or ventures of the mart, they gain with toil  
What the wise law denies them. So it came  
That this young soldier, knowing well what need  
Constrained him, to his father's counsels sage,  
That he should only mate with hoarded gold  
(Since not as yet he knew the power of love),  
Consented, and among the joyous throng  
Fluttered long time a careless butterfly,  
Yet lighted on no bloom. Till one blest night  
Of summer, 'mid the flower-decked dance, he saw,  
Herself the fairest flower, a girlish form,  
Lithe, clad in virgin white, with eyes of blue,  
Sweep by him, and their glances met, and then  
No longer might his careless fancy roam  
To others, nor the maiden keep her troth  
Unplighted more, so strong an influence  
Bound each to each, its name, Requited Love.

So through the flying summer days and nights  
They met and grew together, till their souls,  
Fused in one common essence, lived no more  
Their separate lives ; with vows unuttered yet,  
Deep graven on their hearts, but since the lack  
Of riches vexed them, never by the lips  
A word of love was spoken, yet no less  
Their troth was plighted by a thousand signs  
And hidden bonds. Amid the careless crowd  
Careless they moved, nor might the Argus eyes  
Of women trace their secret, yet they knew  
Themselves fast bound, though seeming to be free.

Then one day on those happy fateful days,  
Careless no longer, rose a sudden storm  
Out of the distant East, the trump of war  
Breaking the age-long peace. A thousand homes  
In happy rural England heard the sound,

And shivered for the dear ones of their love—  
Sons, brothers, lovers. All the lightsome thoughts  
Of the old joyous life vanished and gone ;  
Fled were the careless hours, the music mute,  
The feasts, the dances done. But ere it came  
The soldier's ardent heart broke forth in words  
Which spoke his love. What answer could she make,  
Who knew it long ago? Her heart was his,  
And had been from the first. So these young lives  
Were plighted each to each, and 'mid the chill  
Of parting and impending trouble glowed  
With that fine inner light which doth illumine  
Those happier souls which 'mid life's gathered clouds  
Find their long missing and divided selves  
And grow complete. What was to them the gloom  
Of swift descending night which hid the East,  
The crash of nations, hurled together and wrecked  
In deadly fight? Amid the storm, the frown



Of that embattled sky, one little ray,  
One little golden glory of the heavens,  
The secret knowledge of their mutual love,  
Crowned them with halcyon calm, like that which lies  
Deep in the heart of the vexed hurricane.

So the swift days fled on. Dark and more dark  
The storm-cloud lowered ; louder and yet more loud  
The thunder roll of war.

At last it came,  
The voice of Fate, and he who heard with joy  
The order that he longed for, which should bring  
The chance of Fame and, higher, dearer far,  
The voice of Duty, calling him to spend  
His life for England, took a bold resolve  
And told his dear. He dared not face as yet  
His father's baffled hopes, which looked for gold  
To build the shattered fortunes of his house,

Nor leave his love unplighted, for whose hand  
A score of suitors pleaded. So at last  
He prayed his love, if only ere they went,  
They should be wed in secret. Long the maid  
Doubted, for though she lived her life alone,  
She would not wed another, and her heart  
Abhorred concealment. Last, in trustfulness  
And pure, ungrudging love, she put aside  
Her maiden fears, and then one morn they stole  
To some near church, and there, with none of kin  
As witness of the rite, half blind with tears,  
Yet all in love, she heard the priest pronounce  
The solemn words which bound their lives in one ;  
And at the porch, parting with one long kiss,  
They went their ways, and all was as before  
To outward eyes, though a deep sense of change  
Had passed upon their lives transmuting all—  
The young man, graver from his doubled life ;  
The wedded maid, a bride, but not a wife.

Nor met they more. She to her father's house  
Went by the Southern sea ; he presently  
Whither his duty called him, till that eve  
When his stout ship passed to the West, and left,  
On that high cliff, his maiden wife alone.

## II.

The swift days fled, the earlier autumn waned  
To later, when the harvest fields grew bare  
And the year past its prime. On that young heart  
Fell an autumnal sadness, brooding deep  
Upon her day and night. Her cheek grew pale,  
While, shrinking from the careless joys which once  
Allured, in silent musings she would spend  
Her recluse days. Only her mother's voice  
She loved, and she who marked her day by day  
Fading, grew anxious for her, questioning

What thing had been, if haply she might find  
Some solace for her pain. But not a word  
Her shy soul dared to speak ; for day by day  
She scanned the journals, but no news would come  
Save vague reports alone. At last they told  
How, sudden from the City of the Turk,  
The great Armada sailed, and then the news  
How, after forty years of peace, once more  
Climbing the volleying hillsides from the vines,  
Our England's columns charged the guns and drove  
The enemy in flight. Her heart stood still,  
Reading the fateful list of those who fell  
Wounded or slain. But the reviving hope,  
The vivid glow of undefeated youth  
Flushed her pale cheek ; for not 'mid these sad lists  
Found she the one dear name, but ranged with theirs  
Whom for sheer daring with the coveted Cross  
The General rewarded. He had borne

The colours up the hill, braving the fire  
Of half a hundred guns, when others fell,  
'Scaping without a wound. 'Twas he whose hand  
Shot the tall Russian dead, whose lifted sword  
Had cut the Ensign down. 'Twas he who nursed  
The wounded lad to life. Then her fond heart,  
A little chilled by bloodshed, flushed with pride  
For him who was her husband, and that night  
The old fire lit her cheek, her eyes, and gave  
New spirit to her voice, till as of yore  
She seemed again the bright and joyous girl  
Who in high summer, scarce three months ago,  
Lit the old home with innocent mirth and song  
Uncaring, and her mother's heart was glad.

But when the days grew short, and the spent year  
Was dying fast, came news of dull delays  
And how the tide of war, leaving the plains

And hard-won heights, broke in a surge of blood  
Round the beleaguered fortress. Then, when now  
The thick fogs hid the sea and blurred the land  
In dull November, came the fateful tale  
Of furious storms, driving to wreck the ships  
Laden with food and shelter, stubborn fight  
Fought through the mist, each man for his own hand,  
"The soldiers' battle," and her heart stood still,  
Fearing the voice of Fate. But though once more,  
Amid the dreadful sum of blood and death,  
Came news that he was safe, the gathering sum  
Of daily growing miseries, want and cold,  
Disease and hunger, vexed her, till the girl  
Could bear no more suspense, nor anxious care,  
Nor longer sit in idle luxury,  
While he perhaps lay dying, calling for her  
To soothe his pain. This thought, recurring still,  
Tormented her long time ; till at the last,

When every journal told its harrowing tale  
Of suffering, she took a stern resolve :  
She bared to those she loved her secret grief,  
And prayed consent to go where she might gain  
To tend her husband. Not her father's voice  
Of prudent counsel, nor her mother's love,  
Nor any maiden dread of war and pain  
Or danger moved her. When they bade her dream  
No longer of her madness, she locked fast  
Her purpose in her breast. And one sad morn,  
Before the loitering dawn she stole away,  
Leaving with tears her childhood's cherished home,  
The parents of her love, her girlish friends,  
White bed and dainty room, her books, her flowers—  
All things that made life sweet ; passed to the town,  
Taking her little store of gems and gold,  
And setting on her pillow a brief note :  
“ Forgive me, mother. Duty bids me go.

My place is with my husband. He has need  
Of tender care, and I will seek him out  
If he still lives. Fear not for me ; I go  
Hoping to join the noble new-formed band  
Of ministering women. If my skill  
Is wanting now, yet I may gain in time  
To help him or his comrades, whom sad Fate  
Condemns to pain. Fear not, 'tis better so ;  
I should go mad to sit at home and think  
That we should meet no more. But now I know,  
So sure a presage occupies my mind,  
That he shall owe to me returning life  
And health ; no more I know, nor seek to know,  
But so I gain to save him, all is well."

So ere the wintry day began to close  
In dreary twilight, to the gloomy town—  
Not the gay town of summer past and gone,



But dark with choking mists—she passed, and there  
Besought the gracious women who went forth  
To that new work of mercy, strange to them,  
Familiar now, if only she might share  
Their blessed task, and with the strength of love  
Grown eloquent, prevailed, and to the ship  
Which soon should sail betook her. Not the tears  
Of those she loved, who came in haste and strove  
To bend her purpose, moved her. So at last,  
Down the rude wintry channel, tossed the ship,  
Passing the pines, the heather, withered now ;  
Passing the well-known cliffs, the towers of home  
And that high garden where, three brief months since,  
She sat a girl pining in luxury,  
And watched the strong ship fading in the West  
That bore her life away. The strong god Love  
Had nerved the girlish heart and braced her soul  
To high resolve, so that the wintry wave,

The weary days of storm and stress and gloom,  
The strangers' faces round, affrighted not.  
Till, passing through the lion-guarded gates  
Into the Middle Sea, and by the blue  
Sicilian straits, and many a classic shore  
And fairy islet of the purple deep,  
She felt her heart beat faster as she saw,  
Crowning the Golden Horn the minarets  
Of Stamboul, knowing well her love had passed  
The self-same way before, and wondering much  
If there he lay wounded in some fierce fight  
Longing for her, or if indeed he lived  
Unwounded still, or mouldering, perchance,  
Upon the frozen, bleak Crimean plain,  
Dead of disease or cold or suffering, dead  
In battle slain, a bullet through his heart.

Now when the ship cast anchor, and gave forth,  
Thronging the narrow, ill-paved city streets,

That band of pitiful women, her first thought  
Was of her love ; and when they gained at last  
The palace where the sick and wounded pined,  
Brought from the front by sea, shyly she asked  
If he were with the rest. But when she learned  
He had no hurt indeed, but on the field  
Was marked for higher rank, with thankful heart  
She wrote to tell him what had been, and prayed  
Forgiveness, and, if haply it might be,  
That she might come to him, or if indeed  
That might not be, she in the hospital  
Would live content, amid the duteous throng  
Of English nurses ; only this she prayed  
That he would send one little word of love,  
And she would ask no more, only to hear  
That he was well.

But when her husband knew  
All that had been, and that his maiden bride,

That careless, delicate child, so lately won,  
Toiled uncompanioned 'mid the thousand woes  
Of ruthless war, his heart, so light before,  
Grew heavy in him, knowing not what fate  
Might yet befall. Yet since he loved her well,  
A passionate longing filled the young man's heart  
To embrace his dear, and be with her and smooth  
The hardships which she faced for him—ay, though  
Through sickness and through wounds ; and so he wrote  
A letter in his tent, when the day's tale  
Of labour and of danger now was done ;  
A letter full of love : how he was well,  
Unwounded, happy ; yet would give his health  
And scatheless limbs, if only he might feel,  
Paying the price of sickness or of wounds,  
The touch of her soft hand, and see her stoop  
To kiss him as he lay.

But as he closed

The letter, through the night above, the shrill  
Scream of a hurtling shell, then a loud crash.  
Nor knew he more, and the new-written page  
Fell from his hand, torn, crushed, and blurred with  
blood.

## III.

Then for that yearning, unrewarded heart  
There came the weary days of endless toil ;  
The unaccustomed cares, the sleepless nights,  
Or scarce-snatched slumbers ending ere the dawn ;  
The sordid offices ; the delicate hands,  
Dressing the festering wounds ; the cries and groans  
Worse than the battle's, the coarse sights which shocked  
The maiden's innocent eyes, the maniac shouts  
Of some poor fevered brain, the blasphemies  
Of desperate sufferers, the surgeon's knife,

The blood, the shrieks of pain, till came at last  
Deep stillness, and the tortured figure lay  
Shrouded with folded hands, until they came  
Quickly and bore him forth, and on his bed  
Was laid another. All her tender heart  
Bled for the unsuspected miseries  
Of human life ; her innocent eyes o'erflowed  
For daily, nightly woes, yet not the less  
She bore to give what aid of soothing hand  
And kindly word her girlish want of skill  
Might lend the wounded. Were they not like him,  
Soldiers with none to tend them, love or wife?  
How could she better show the love she bore  
To him who was her life than tending those  
Who were his comrades ? So she steeled her heart  
To sights and sounds of misery, put aside  
Her maidenly disgust, and toiled to assuage  
The hopeless sum of woe. One fair-haired lad

In helpless pain, and wandering in dreams,  
Muttered the name she loved, and when he woke  
Was tireless in his praise. Thenceforth she seemed  
To have a friend again, and eager heard  
How brave he was and tender ; how he bore  
The stripling out of fire, and came for him  
When the fierce fight was done ; and how the foe  
Was stubborn, and the struggle hard, and since  
The wounded might not bear the bitter cold  
Of those unsheltered heights, the transports brought  
Their load of helpless suffering week by week  
To those warm palace halls. She hearing all,  
Seemed to grow nearer to her love, and share  
His daily fortunes ; and she tended well  
The grateful youth with daily, nightly care,  
Wrote shyly to his mother and his love,  
And learnt how thin the fence which rank and gold  
Set between man and man, and how the bond

That binds the highborn, binds the lowly too  
In precious kinship.

But no answering word  
Came from her dear, and heavier every day  
The load of anxious doubt, unexorcised,  
Pressed on her, as her cheek grew pale, and all  
The weight of hopeless service bore on her  
Too heavy for her strength. The menial tasks,  
Light while Hope gilded Duty, seemed to grow  
Heavier with every day that failed to bring  
News of her love ; but she toiled bravely on  
Amid those dreadful sights and sounds, nor sought  
To shrink from them. But when the great ships passed  
Beneath the windows with their piteous freight  
Of wounded, who a few brief months before  
Sailed full of life and hope, her anxious mind,  
Not knowing what to hope, whether 'twere best  
He came with them, that she might nurse him back



To life and health, or else, unhurt, alone  
(If haply still he breathed this earthly air),  
And far removed from her, should wait the fall  
Of the great fortress and the crowning fight,  
When Death should claim his thousands. But no news  
Came, nor amid those close thronged halls of pain,  
Perplexed 'twixt joy and grief, she saw his face.

Then one day when her soul was sick with fear,  
A letter from the Camp ! writ by a hand  
She knew not. As she opened it there fell  
From the enclosing page a fragment, torn  
And stained with blood, in that familiar hand  
She loved so well. Her heart stood still to mark  
Those crimson stains, and yet it seemed to say  
That all was well with him, her love, her dear,  
Her husband. Every stained and blotted word,  
With Love's swift divination, she devoured,

Yet could not understand. At last she turned  
To his who sent those dear, torn, blotted lines,  
And learnt the truth. "He found his comrade lie  
Bleeding upon the ground, and by him lay  
Amid the ruins of their shattered home  
The fragments that he sent. 'Twas weeks ago,  
And he had hovered long 'twixt life and death,  
Tended by comrades, and too weak till then  
To join the rest who left those frozen fields  
For the warm city. But now his many wounds,  
Which were not deep, nor maiming face or limb,  
Were mending slowly, and he hoped to sail  
When next the mournful harvest of the war  
Left the bleak snow-clad heights." She, reading this,  
Dissolved in love and grateful that her dear  
Was spared to her, felt a new spring of life  
Course through her. Then she told the youth she  
nursed,

Within whose youthful veins Life's refluent tide  
Glowed once again ; and on the crowded quay  
As the ship glided in they stood, and there  
She, in her sombre habit like a nun,  
Found him she sought ; and he with a wan smile  
And feeble grasp greeted her, and they kissed,  
And then his tired eyes closed.

But oh, how weak

He seemed, how ashy grey his cheek, how thin  
The accents of his voice, which were so deep  
And manly ! As she looked, the rising tears  
Blotted her sight—tears half of happiness  
And half of pity. To the hospital  
They passed, and she, fired with a new-born hope,  
Spent happy days and nights beside his bed,  
Drawing him back to life, and when at last  
The ebbing tide returned, and he grew strong  
And stronger day by day, there was no soul

In all those crowded halls so blithe as hers  
Who was his wife.

Then one day when her cares  
Were well nigh ended, from the house of pain  
They went together to a pleasant home  
By the Sweet Waters. Flowers of early spring  
Lit the dry, rustling woods where autumn leaves  
Lay scattered thickly still, and through the boughs  
Blue river-reaches, flecked with glancing sails,  
Smiled on them. There they gained in the new joy  
Of bursting life to lose the sordid stains  
Of pain and woe. Each sunny day that passed  
Brought its own store of strength for him who late  
Lay bleeding, and he blest the loving care  
Of his dear nurse.

Amid that vernal air  
She tended him, and a sweet time of peace  
And tender love dawned for those sore-tried lives—

A little time, too brief ! For as his strength  
Grew greater, and no more the soldier lay  
Prostrate upon his bed, but once again  
With slow-paced footsteps, leaning on her arm,  
Wandered along the banks of the blue stream—  
Two wedded lovers, weaving fairy tales  
Of what the years should bring—his loving eyes  
Woke suddenly one day, and marked how frail  
His girl-wife showed, how thin the pallid cheek,  
How deep the hectic rose, how bright the eyes,  
And with a bitter pang his conscious mind  
Knew what should be. For every day that passed  
Weak and more weak, despite her happiness  
And recompense of love, she showed, and soon,  
When now he walked again in nascent strength,  
No longer on her arm he leant for aid,  
But she on his, and presently he went  
Alone, while she, reclining, in the sun

Hoarding her fast-decreasing sum of strength,  
Lay still as death, greeting him with a smile.

So the swift weeks passed onwards equably,  
Brief happy weeks, the one reprieved from death,  
The other doomed to die. The air grew soft  
With fuller Spring. Again the trees grew green,  
The bursting woods, the fields a maze of flowers ;  
Soft breezes fanned the stream, and the pale cheek  
Of her whose young life toils and cares and fears  
And sleepless vigils 'mid polluted air  
Had sapped ; for whom her happiness had come  
Too late to save, only in time to make  
The end more bitter. Ere the swift Spring passed  
To summer, the hidden fever in her blood,  
Which long had smouldered, broke in open flame  
And burned that fragile house of life, and left  
But half-cold ashes, till the appointed hour,

After brief days of suffering, when her Love,  
Requiting well her tender care, and strong  
In body though weak in heart, heard her lips say :  
“ Dear, it is hard to part. But I have been  
Happier to find the rugged thorny path  
Of Duty hidden in flowers, than when I knew  
The old smooth ways of ease. Lay me at rest  
Here among English graves in this blest place  
Where I have learnt to live. Ask for my fault  
Forgiveness of my mother and my sire,  
Whom I have disobeyed, and bid them think  
Tenderly of their daughter. When the war  
Is ended, and you pass again the cliffs  
Of England, and the garden 'midst the pines  
Where once—was it years since, or yesterday?—  
I watched you go, taking my heart, my youth,  
My life with you, say a brief prayer for me,  
Your maiden-wife. Then if you will, forget ;  
Or if you will, remember.”

Then she breathed  
Her last within his arms, and he with tears,  
And one last kiss of parting, closed her eyes.

They laid her in the place she would, amidst  
The Christian dead. Upon the hills the tall  
Black cypress-spires mark where the maiden lies,  
And from the minarets the Muezzin calls  
To prayer, where yet the resonant peals shall sound  
For Christian worship, when the accursed hordes  
Of lust and murder which to-day defile  
The garden of the earth are driven in shame  
Back to their native wastes. A thousand names  
Of English dead, each in its scanty plot  
Of alien earth, lie round her, where she waits,  
Poor faithful child, the peal that calls to life !



## IV.

But when the last sad offices were done  
The soldier sought to lay the ghost of grief  
Through Duty. To the Camp once more he bent  
His willing feet. The comrades whom he left  
And Fortune spared, welcomed the grave sad man,  
Who from his new and secret sorrow turned  
To the old task, and careless, facing Death,  
Bore a charmed life. Day after day he fought  
Amid the van, unscathed, nor seemed to heed  
Whatever Fate might send, and with him went,  
Following in every perilous enterprise,  
The fair-haired lad whom from that earlier fight  
He bore to safety, and his girl-wife nursed,  
Dying herself, to life.

Then by degrees  
The perils of each day, the abounding life,

The glow, the glory of successful war  
Worked their sure work. Slowly he put from him  
The load of blank regret, and seemed again—  
A little graver than of old maybe—  
A soldier as before. His comrades' voice  
Acclaimed his fearless daring, yet he seemed  
More pitiful than before. His hand would spare  
The weakling ; oft in act to shoot or strike  
He dropped his arm, his Love's imploring eyes  
Seeming to turn on him, fulfilled his soul  
With ruth and pity. Slow the weary war  
Dragged to its end ; closer and closer crept  
The encircling lines ; a scorpion ringed with fire  
The Fortress stung. Then came the fierce assault  
When thousands fell, but he was scatheless still  
Even as at first. And last the fateful morn  
When amid thundering shocks, fort after fort  
By its defenders' suicidal hands

Leapt to the skies, and, amid smoke and flame,  
The strong fleet, trapped within the harbour, sank  
Or flared in ruin, and the Power of Ill,  
Which throws to-day its shield above the Turk,  
Stepped between him and righteous doom ; and she,  
Our blindfold England, fought and did prevail  
For a mistaken end, where victory  
Was deadlier than defeat. In those dark days,  
Yet glorious too, that strenuous stricken soul,  
Unquestioning, did well his soldier's work,  
And when Peace came, though all but duty seemed  
Lost in that early grave, was crowned with rank  
And honour and fame, a leader among men.

But when they left those blood-stained heights and set  
Their faces homewards, one brief week he gained  
To tarry with his love. The turf was green  
Already on her grave, and summer flowers

Lighted it. There he set a marble cross  
Above her, with her name, and the scant sum  
Of her brief earthly years. Even as he gazed  
The Past came back to him, the sad, sweet Past,  
A little dimmed already by long months  
Of daily fateful war. And then he went,  
Wearing one pure white rose upon his breast,  
Plucked from her resting-place, to join the throng  
Of comrades homeward-bound. The great ship passed  
From sea to sea, leaving the windless South  
With its deep purples, for the long grey roll  
Of the Atlantic surge ; green orange groves  
And vine-hung slopes, for heather and thymy downs  
In England. Last, one day his watching eyes  
Knew once again the well-remembered cliff  
Crowned with dark pines, and on its seaward edge  
A garden bright with flowers ; and all the past  
Blossomed anew within him as he saw,

Unchanged, the high-built turrets of her home,  
Who filled his heart. Almost his straining eyes  
Seemed once again to mark a white-robed form  
Wave her farewell. But ah ! her long farewell  
Was months ago, and they had parted since  
Who now should meet no more ! And then his thought  
Turned to his plighted word. He did not kneel,  
But, standing, breathed a silent thanksgiving,  
That loving her, he had been loved again,  
And, as she asked of him, such prayer as comes  
For those we love and lose—a wordless hope  
That it is well with them where'er the Unknown  
Holds them within His boundless waste of worlds,  
And when this pilgrimage of life is done  
That those who loved on earth may love in heaven.

And then the salutary toil which brings  
An antidote to grief, the daily growth

Of Life's broad tree, driving its roots deep down  
In homely earth, lifting its crest to heaven,  
With fruit and blossom crowned—no fragile flower,  
But with a thousand thick-leaved branches strong  
For rest or shelter—o'er that sore-tried soul  
Spread its protecting shade ; and honour of men  
And tranquil wedded years, and childish hands,  
And once again, hard-fought, successful war  
In the far East, and waning years absorbed  
In homely leisure, 'mid the cherished fields  
Of long-fled youth ;—obscured that precious dream  
And half-remembered grave, and that young life  
Given for his own. But in the wakeful night  
Before the dawn, or when his children sit  
Around his board, or in the joyous dance  
At Yuletide, when another Amy whirls,  
White-robed like her of yore, and smiles on him,  
Her grandsire,—to the old man's dreaming thought

Scenes which those young lives knew not rise again  
Before his yearning eyes :—that dear, dead Past,  
That girlish form waving a fond farewell,  
That tender, loving care, that early grave,  
Fill once again his eyes, thin as a dream,  
Not all unhappy ; and the Present wanes,  
Lost in the glamour of the vanished Past.

Thin as a dream ! But what is all our life  
But dreamlike—nay, a dream ? And yet 'tis well  
To have dreamt it. One day, waking with the Dawn  
In some strange sphere, where Time nor Change  
disturbs,  
Nor dust nor noise of Life, but still and bright,  
The vanished Beauty of the Past revives ;  
The long-drowned silent Music wakes again  
In that ethereal calm ; our souls shall take,  
Clear as of old, the pageant of their lives

On the old earth ; unfading memories  
Of joy and pain, sorrow and sacrifice,  
Precious and unforgotten ; all the store  
Of shining thoughts and deeds, pure gems undimmed  
Of the old treasure-house, and best of all  
To deck the enfranchised Soul to meet her King,  
The priceless jewel of undying Love.



## AH! WHAT IS TRUTH?

AH ! what is Truth? Our failing eyes

Pursue in vain the fleeting light ;

Beyond the darkening hills it flies,

And ere we gain it, lo ! the night.

And what is Knowledge? But a gleam

Which serves the encircling gloom to mark,

A little light, a feeble spark,

A phantasy, a bootless dream.

And what is Faith? A mounting fire

That through the black vault heavenward burns ;

A force which struggles to aspire,

Then, sudden quenched, to earth returns.

The night draws near, the night is here,  
Our feeble lanterns wane and die  
But, on the illimitable sphere  
New suns unnumbered light the sky.

REGINA CŒLI.

WHAT shall I frame my life to gain?

Not Riches ; lower mundane things  
Spread wide their fickle treacherous wings,  
And who pursues them strives in vain.

Nor Fame ; for she fleets faster yet,  
Or comes not ere the closing tomb  
The sun of Glory sets in gloom,  
And the world hastens to forget.

Nor Rank nor Honours. Were it best  
Dowered of some weaker soul to live,  
Or bear the jewel none can give  
Deep in the heart, not on the breast?

Nor Pleasure ; for her gains elude  
The weary seeker's baffled eyes ;  
The wanton leaves him when she flies  
Bound fast in hopeless servitude.

Nor Love, because its flower divine  
Blooms with the Morn, nor long can stay,  
But withers in Life's fuller day  
And leaves the lonely heart to pine.

Nor Beauty ; though the fictive hand  
Fix some faint glimpses, Time the thief  
Cries, " Art is long, and Life is brief,"  
And slays us ere we understand.

Nor Learning ; for her laboured page  
Palls on the soul which nears the Truth ;  
The thirst for fame, the haste of Youth  
Stir not the slower limbs of Age.

To Duty only let me kneel,  
Her painful circlet on her brow !  
To her, my Queen, my head shall bow,  
Not knowing, but content to feel !

All faint, all fade, all pass, but She  
Shines clear for young and agèd eyes,  
High as the peaks which kiss the skies,  
Profound as the unfathomed sea !

IN THE DARK EAST.

AUGUST 8, 1895.

IN peaceful slumbers deep,  
Far from their homes away,  
The Martyrs lie asleep,  
Waiting the Day.

No dream of ill alarms  
Those faithful souls and pure ;  
Within the Eternal arms  
They rest secure.

The father's loving care,  
The gentle mother mild,  
Boyhood and girlhood fair,  
The little child,

Young maids who yearn to spread  
Faith in the Holy Name  
Through old lands sunk and dead  
In secular shame ;

Contented to expend  
Dark, half-despairing days,  
If haply at the end,  
From prayer and praise,

Slow labour seeming vain,  
And lifelong effort given,  
At last their toil may gain  
One soul for heaven.

Then on the peaceful hush,  
With ingrate curses loud,  
Bursts with a roar and rush  
The murderous crowd.

And then fond hearts that break,  
And agonized, struggling breath,  
The sword, the fiery stake,  
Torture and death.

\* \* \* \*

Great God ! Beneath Thy sun  
When shall Thy Martyrs cease ?  
When shall Thy will be done,  
Thy world at peace ?

Nigh nineteen hundred years  
Since last Thou spak'st are gone,  
And yet through blood and tears  
Thy Saints march on.

Fulfil Thyself with might,  
Confirm our strivings weak ;  
Shine forth, ineffable Light ;  
Oh, still Voice, speak !



For now, as of old time,  
Men for Thy honour die,  
Triumphant wrong and crime  
Affront Thine Eye.

The unbelievers still,  
Fierce as the ravening beast,  
With lust and murder fill  
Thy hopeless East.

Arise ! avenge Thy slain !  
Make a full end, O Lord !  
Dispel this age-long pain,  
Strike with Thy Word !

## THE TRUE STORY OF DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Two senators there were of Syracuse,  
When Dionysius the tyrant seized  
The reins of State, austere, of high repute,  
Still faithful to the fallen Commonwealth  
The young usurper slew. In closest links  
Of friendship lived the twain, whom not the bonds  
Of wedlock, nor the cares of fuller life,  
The love of children, the dividing power  
Of high ambition severed ; but their souls,  
Close-knit together, still from youth to age  
Kept the old tie, so strong a golden chain  
Bound them together, stronger than the love

Of wife and child, stronger than Life itself,  
Stronger than Death—the bond of common Faith.

For they, four centuries before Christ came,  
Following the mystic precepts of the sage  
Pythagoras, who, Saint at once and seer,  
Taught, as our Master taught, the love of man  
(Not all the erring Race, both small and great,  
As He, but of the faithful Brotherhood),  
Contemned the Pagan worship, knowing well  
Wisdom and virtue and the mastery  
Of slavish lusts came not of acted rite  
Or incense, or the steam of sacrifice  
And suppliant hands uplifted to dead gods,  
But of the subtle music which attunes  
The chords of life to gracious Harmony.

Wherefore a secret Order of the wise  
He founded, and a Brotherhood of love,

Where each with each, toiling and suffering,  
Bearing his Brother's burden, might at last  
Rise to pure heights of gracious sacrifice  
And self-surrender, each contending voice  
Lost in the general Harmony of all.  
And, therefore, if a Brother of his Rule  
Fell fainting on the stony ways of life,  
The Sage commanded that his Brethren bore  
What succour they might give ; and if he lay  
Sick among strangers, helpless, suffering, poor,  
And friendless, that the Brethren seeking him  
Should of their sacred Duty pay again  
Whatever gold or labour for his need  
The stranger spent ; or if a Brother pined  
In jeopardy of life, his Brother's arm  
Should shield him, ay, though Death itself repaid  
The pious care. Thus each in each was lost,  
Bearing each other's burdens, till their lives

Swelled the great concord, bearing, suffering,  
Rejoicing, till their pilgrimage was done,  
And they, through loftier spheres ascending, took  
A higher nature, rising grade by grade  
Of pureness, till at last the heavy load  
And burden of the flesh, this mortal coil,  
Which weighed them down, fell from them and they  
soared  
From sphere to higher sphere, enfranchised, purged,  
To some blest place of incorporeal souls.

Now, since through all the isle, from sea to sea,  
The fame of their close friendship yearly grew,  
Till all men knew and wondered what high force  
Inspired their lives, soon to the tyrant's ear  
The knowledge came ; and he, who loved indeed  
The accents of August Philosophy,  
Though lust of power and gold had led his feet

Through miry swamps and thorny difficult ways,  
Incredulous heard. To that self-seeking soul  
The tales of high ungrudging sacrifice  
Seemed idle phantasies, unproved, untrue,  
Too thin for earth ; and yet because his mind  
Was set on Knowledge, for herself, he longed  
To test them. Therefore gave he word to some,  
His parasites, that he was fain to try  
This faithful friendship and the link that bound  
Their lives : “ For though Pythagoras himself  
Bade him believe, he would not, well he knew  
Men’s selfish hearts, bent upon narrow ends  
Caring for naught beside. What was it gained  
High place for him and honour, power and wealth,  
When little more than youth, but selfish ends,  
Sought without ruth for others, and achieved  
While all men envied ? Had it been indeed  
A brother in the flesh, of the same stock,

Born of the self-same womb, perhaps 'twere well  
To cleave to him, so that the union brought  
Nothing of loss. But men of alien blood,  
Bound by no closer tie than common faith,  
That such should cling together to loss of goods—  
Nay more, of life ! The pious hypocrites !  
'Twas time they were unveiled.”

Therefore he bade

His creatures swear an oath that Pythias  
Plotted his death. It mattered not a whit  
'Twas but a lie, for if he found no friend  
To die for him, 'twere one malignant less,  
Or if he should, then two. Therefore they brought  
Their accusation, and the innocent  
Was doomed to die. But when he heard his fate,  
Scorning the usurper's power, ere the axe fell  
The tyrant of his cruel subtlety  
Offered this grace, that he might bid farewell

To wife and children. When his yearning heart,  
Spite of himself, consented, with a sneer  
The tyrant cried, "Ay, thou shalt go indeed  
If thou canst find a friend to die for thee  
At sunset, if thou comest not again.  
Hast thou a friend among thy Brotherhood  
Of hypocrites to risk his life for thine?  
Let him stand forth, and thou shalt have thy wish.  
See, it wants six hours now to set of sun;  
Go, but of this be sure, whate'er the cause  
If thou return not ere his latest rays  
Sink on the western hills, thy brainless friend  
Shall die for thee. Will any bear the risk?  
Let him stand forth!"

Then Damon, who stood by,  
Sorrowing, to see the end, stood forth and cried,  
"I will be bound for him, and if he come not  
Will die the death." Quickly the gaoler loosed



The prisoner's chains and fixed on Damon's limbs  
Their heavy burdens. And without a word,  
Only a grateful gesture, Pythias turned,  
Took horse, and through the echoing city streets,  
Past pillared temples, marble palaces,  
And sounding colonnades—the tyrant's work,  
Built on the city's ruined liberties—  
Flew like the wind amid the wondering crowds  
Of citizens, then left the town behind,  
And past the trellised vineyards and the fields  
Of waving grain, along the curving shore  
By town and hamlet flew. The laughing sea,  
Flecked with the widespread wings of dancing boats,  
Spread blue before him ; far upon the sky  
Ætna's enormous bulk ; the silent ways  
Echoed the beating horse-hoofs, and his brain,  
One sad unceasing monotone of sound,  
One thought repeated oft, " At set of sun

Thou diest," and again : " At set of sun,  
Remember ! time is short ; it flies ! it flies !"  
" Before yon sun has set thy life is done,  
Or else thy friend's." " Speed on." Until at last  
The old familiar fields and walls of home.

Now, when he gained his well-loved palace gate  
His slave came forth, Lucullus, whom his hand  
Had cherished since his birth, bound by close ties  
Of loving service, and he bade him take  
His steed and tend him with all care, because  
Ere sunset he once more at Syracuse  
Must be for life or death. The faithful hind  
Obeyed without a murmur, wondering much  
What thing should be, dreading some perilous chance  
Waited his lord. And then the senator,  
The same voice calling him, " Remember well  
Thou diest, or thy friend, at set of sun,"  
Entered his well-loved home.

He kissed his wife

And children dear, striving with trivial talk  
Of home and homely things to hide his care,  
Which pressed him sore ; but she regarding him  
With love's keen eyes, and that unwonted weight  
Of trouble on his brow, would question him  
What things had been, till last she drew from him  
The sorrowful tale ; how ere that day was done  
He stood condemned to death, and how he came  
Only to bid farewell to those his eyes  
Should see no more in life. Then she who heard  
Broke forth in sobs and wailings, and accused  
The tyrant's pitiless spite. But with calm words  
And precepts of the Master, he would soothe  
The woman's passionate grief, until she lay  
Silent upon his breast, and round them stood  
Their children, hardly knowing what had been  
Or what should come to be.

But as they spoke  
With heightened tones, the listening slave without  
Caught his dear master's words, and hearing, knew  
The instant peril. Quick he stole to where  
The tired steed, resting from his journey, stood  
Asleep, and then taking a high resolve,  
Knowing his master's steadfast mind, and fain  
To save him from himself, and caring naught  
For aught beside, with one sure stroke he stabbed  
The poor beast to the heart, and then he fled  
His master's anger.

With declining day,  
After long hours of pain, from his sad home  
Came Pythias forth, watching the westering sun  
With heavy heart, for still that warning voice,  
"Remember, ere the sunset," called to him,  
And from his weeping wife and children dear  
Tore himself free, and, parting with a groan,

Flung forth on his return, prepared to die,  
Since Fate had willed it thus, and sought long time  
His slave Lucullus. But in vain he called,  
For nowhere was he found ; then desperate,  
Marking the flight of time, he sought and found  
His horse where he had left it, but the beast,  
Stabbed to the heart, lay dead.

Then in despair

He fled his home and rushed with frenzied haste  
Along the road he came, hastening long miles  
On foot to Syracuse, until his limbs  
Failed him, his heart throbbed high, his breath came short,  
And, stumbling as he went, he fell, and lay  
A long while senseless. When his life returned  
The old voice filled his ears. The sinking sun  
Cast lengthening shadows. To his feet once more  
Struggling, and doubting much if time remained  
To save his friend, a little space again

He tottered in despair. And then, behold,  
Just when his stiffening limbs refused to move  
Another foot-pace, tethered to a tree,  
The stout steed of some passing wayfarer  
Caparisoned ! Then to the saddle quick  
Mounting, and giving rein, he breathed again,  
If he might save his friend's life by his own.

Mile after mile the headlong chase swept on  
By the dark, purple sea. The ghostly peaks  
Of Ætna flushed, lit by the dying sun ;  
The white sails reddened ; the long rays, oblique,  
Lower and lower sank, dazzling his sight  
With shafts of ruddy gold. No sound arose  
On the hushed evening but the hurried beat  
Of ringing hoofs, and the quick-coming throb  
Of laboured breath, as the tired charger reeled  
Upon his way. Lower, and lower still,

The sinking sunbeams shot athwart the fields,  
And his heart sunk in turn. Then once again  
The echoing streets, thick with applauding crowds,  
As on they flashed ; the palace marbles, pink  
With sunset ; till at last the waiting throng,  
The tyrant and his guard, the headman's axe,  
Lit by the dying rays ; and as the sun  
Sank red upon the hill, the breathless horse  
Staggered and fell, and Pythias, leaping down,  
Fell upon Damon's neck, knowing him saved.

Then at the tyrant's nod, the gaolers struck  
The chains from Damon's limbs, and Pythias,  
Laying his patient head upon the block,  
Prepared to die ; when lo, a voice was heard,  
Grown softer than of wont, and merciful :  
"Enough ! I have proved them. In this sordid world,  
Where he who thinks to mount above the plain

Must wade through blood and mire, breathing foul air  
Of perfidy and fraud, to gain his end,  
And find it worthless, lying, cozening,  
And all for naught,—pure natures still are bound  
Indissolubly. More than sovereign power,  
And gold and veined marbles, are to him  
The crowned philosopher who sits above  
The subject crowd, and, having gained the height  
Of earthly things, contemns them ; the calm eyes  
And aspect of Divine Philosophy  
Which conquers self, and from the warring notes  
Of individual lives draws subtly forth  
Some gracious, unsuspected harmony,  
Some mystic chain of numbers, which binds fast  
The waste and chaos of discordant aims  
In some new cosmic order. I have found—  
I, who have striven, and prize more than my crown  
And blood-stained triumphs of successful war



The laurel of Olympia—a new height  
Of knowledge ; a new virtue unattained,  
And yet attainable ; a sacrifice,  
A Brotherhood ; a self surrender, winged  
To higher Heaven than the sensual Gods'  
To whom the ignorant kneel. Go ! ye are free ;  
I pardon you. But now I pray ye take  
Your ruler to your friendship, teaching me  
The secrets of your creed, a proselyte  
To serve a common Master. Then he made  
As if to embrace them.

But no answering word  
The Brethren spake, and slowly turned and went,  
Bowing their silent heads. The tyrant stretched  
His arms in vain, as honouring their faith,  
Fired with some half-false reverence for the truth  
His life denied.

But they would none of him.

ARMENIA, A.D. 1894-5 \*

DEAD by their ravaged fields  
And blackened roof-trees chill,  
After long woes at rest,  
Our martyred brothers lie.  
Through the dark forests, deep,  
Naked and famished, creep  
The sad survivors of a race oppressed ;  
White on the blue autumnal sky,  
Ararat's sacred hill  
O'er the forlorn and ruined plain  
Uncaring seems to smile—  
Uncaring for the blood, the wrong, the guile,

\* This and the poem "America and Armenia" were written at the request of the Armenian Relief Committee.

The hopeless griefs, the oft-repeated pain,  
The innocent lives defiled, the supplications vain.

The spoiler robs and preys,  
With rape and torture for his daily work.  
Unchecked the wolfish Kurd torments and slays.  
The obscene, ineffable Turk,  
False heart and glozing tongue,  
Fills all the hapless land with lust and blood.  
Into the murder-pits are flung  
Dying and dead together, old and young,  
The sire, the mother with her unborn child,  
The virgin lives defiled.  
Or if escape there be 'tis through the shame  
Of souls too weak to avow the Holy Name,  
Or theirs who from the dreadful precipice,  
Veiling their desperate eyes,  
Plunge with their children through the void to gain,  
Dying, release from pain.

What? Has God's thought forgot  
His people's woes? Doth His averted ear  
No more their cries of hopeless anguish hear—  
The wail for precious lives, which now are not?  
Shall not the all-seeing Eye  
Look downward from the dumb unheeding sky  
And with a glance confound the might of Ill?  
Shall the oppressor still  
Through endless æons wreak his fiendish will—  
Ravish and rob and murder in the name  
Of that dark Antichrist whose rule of shame  
Blights the dead East; for whom the spear, the sword,  
And ruthless horrors of unsparing war  
Are weapons fitter far  
Than are the futile forgeries of his Word,  
Who, knowing not compassion, yet makes sure  
With prayer from lips impure  
Of Paradise—no place of Innocence,

Or white-winged soaring Hope immense,  
But a foul Lazar-house of Lust and Sense ?

And this, our Europe strong,  
Which at a common altar boasts to kneel,  
Shall no compassionate yearning come to move,  
No stirrings of fraternal love,  
For these our brothers who have pined so long ?  
Shall She no pity feel  
For these, the martyrs of our Faith who sigh,  
Treading the cold and sunless ways of death  
Long ere they gain to die ;  
Strong Russia, Champion of the Christian East ;  
France, through whose soul, too generous to forget,  
The ardour of St. Louis pulses yet ;  
Our noble England, with the years increased,  
A mightier Venice with " the East in fee,"  
And her great eldest daughter, She

Who sits august and free  
A crownless Commonwealth from sea to sea.  
Shall these, unmoved by the long Past of pain,  
Wait till the tide of blood returns again  
And watch once more their helpless brethren die,  
'These who upheld or spared the waning secular lie?  
Nay, nay, it is enough! enough! No more  
Shall black Oppression rule. Her reign is o'er.  
No more, O Earth! no more!

No more! Forbid it, Heaven!  
Arise, O puissant Christendom, be strong!  
God's voice within you calls—the voice of Fate!  
Confound this monstrous tyranny of wrong.  
Let Love prevail, not Hate!  
With you the Future lies. 'Twere shame indeed  
If mutual jealousies, if coward fears,  
Adding fresh force to swell the sum of ill,

Prolonged the accursed reign of pain and tears,  
And bade again a hapless nation bleed.  
Succour the weak ! Drive back their pitiless foes !  
Let not despair afflict your brethren still !  
Let the new-coming Age, a happier birth,  
Bless these waste-places of the suffering Earth !  
Let Peace, with Law, the tranquil valleys fill,  
And make the desert blossom as the Rose !

August 17, 1895.

## SONG.

WE are stirred, we are thrilled, we are fired  
By impetuous pulses of Song,  
Not perceiving the Power that hurried the spirit along,  
Nor the Presence that inspired,  
Nor what hidden passion swells the throat  
With that high-soaring note.

We are laden and sunk and opprest  
By a load of despondence and dread,  
Not knowing what mystical presence unseen, unconfessed,  
Those deep misgivings bred,  
Nor why across the mute and tuneless soul  
Dumb tides of silence roll.



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Ah, whether in silence or song the high music may come,  
A dark hand rules the strings ;  
Be it Love, be it Hope, be it Faith the high melody  
wings,  
Or Doubt which strikes it dumb,  
A hidden Player sweeps the mystic chords  
Too high, too deep for words.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ANOTHER Christmas-tide,

Another solemn mirth,

White robed again and purified,

Once more the wondering Earth

Listens, while on the frosty, star-lit air,

As of old time the glad Angelic throng,

The midnight chimes peal out in bursts of joyous song.

*This is the Day which saw His Birth!*

*Rejoice, be glad, oh Earth!*

In old fanes over seas,

In humble homes of prayer,

His people, bending faithful knees,

Welcome Him everywhere;

O'er earth's unbounded plains, from pole to pole,  
Swift speeds the blessed day when first He came  
To raise a fallen world from lowest depths of shame.

*This is the Day which saw His Birth!*

*Rejoice, be glad, oh Earth!*

Therefore men's souls rejoice,  
Though sullen winter's spite  
May send to drown their jubilant voice  
Wild storms and furious night.

To-day we keep our solemn festival;  
No presage warns of coming tragedy,  
Only our newer hope immense begins to be.

*This is the Day which saw His Birth!*

*Rejoice, be glad, oh Earth!*

Our hope! But when, indeed,  
Shall Peace on earth prevail?

When shall the innocent cease to bleed,

The sorrowful to wail?

Murder and war and rapine still

Christian and Heathen vex alike to-day,

Though since on earth He came ages have rolled away.

*Yet on this Day which saw His Birth!*

*Rejoice, be glad, oh Earth!*

Despair not, waiting Earth;

Have faith, and thou shalt see

How from that far-off mystic birth

At last comes Victory.

Meet, brethren, round the sacred hearth of home,

With souls and minds by ancient faith inspired,

With glowing hearts by love and pity pierced and fired.

*This is the Day which saw His Birth!*

*Rejoice, be glad, oh Earth!*

Peace and good-will to all,  
Be this our Christmas song ;  
Raise up the erring feet which fall,  
The feeble hands make strong.

Though the slow ages leave His work undone,  
Let us, who feel and mourn our brothers' need,  
Find in his tender words an all-sufficing creed.

*So shall this Day which saw His Birth  
Make glad the waiting Earth.*

## IN BOHEMIA.\*

THIS tale I seemed to hear a Gipsy tell,  
A dark-browed woman prisoned in a cell  
In wild Bohemia :

“ Ay, ’twas in the gloom  
Of the dark, twilight pine woods far away  
They found me sitting, somewhat dazed, I think,  
By what sad things had been, and slow to move  
When all was done, self-chained, as I am now  
Within this lonely cell, and pondering  
All the sad Past. I know not what the Law

\* See the correspondence from Vienna (*Daily News*, November 20, 1895).

Can do with me, nor care. But there—just there  
Where you stand now—do you see two corpses lie,  
One, shot through the brain, who bears a stony calm  
Upon his face ; and one with staring eyes  
And knitted brows, and clenched jaws, breathing rage  
And balked revenge ? Do you see the crimson stain  
Steal on—or is it fancy, and there comes  
Nothing to break the bare and ghastly white  
Of this unlovely cell, and I but dream  
That dreadful dream again ?

What ? would you learn  
How 'tis that I come here a prisoner bound  
By self-forged chains ? Our swift Gitana blood  
Breeds savage jealousies and hates and loves—  
Not the slow current of your Northern veins,  
But a fierce tigerish impulse, half desire,  
Half selfish pride. We wanderers keep to-day  
The unbridled passion, which the tropic sun

Burned in our blood ; and I am of my race,  
As you of yours.

Two there were sought my love.  
One a man, strong, with all the vigorous strength  
Of manhood, tall of stature, black of beard,  
And swarthy checked—a strenuous mate to bind  
A woman's wandering wings—strong arms and loins ;  
A husband more than lover, so that long  
I doubted if 'twere well to smile on him,  
Half fearful lest his fierce and tyrannous will  
Should prove too strong for mine. Therefore it was  
I hesitated, drawn now here, now there.  
I think I never loved him ; though maybe  
His splendid manhood drew me as it draws  
Weak women the world over—us who toil  
And wander day by day, and lie by night  
Tired 'neath the midnight stars, and those who sink,  
After soft hours of silken dalliance,



Canopied close, in down and perfumed ease,  
Within their gilded palaces. They too  
Are women weak as I, and loving well  
The strong, supporting arm—ay, though sometimes  
'Twere raised in anger—and the resonant tones  
And flashing eye, because their strength confirms  
Our weakness.

But because our souls are weak,  
Not strength alone allures us, but the charm  
Of youth, the scarcely shaded lip and cheek,  
The dark plume on the brow, the lissom grace  
Of budding age ; and one there was, a boy  
Of fitting years to mine, bold as a god,  
And lithe as a young panther, and he cast  
Dark passionate eyes on me, as he had cast them  
Upon a score before, and at the tones  
Of his gay accents, all the woman's love  
Of beauty and things fair rose up and strove

For mastery with the woman's shrinking nature  
That loved the guiding hand, and overthrew it  
While he was near—love of the sight alone,  
Not of the heart or mind. And though I knew not  
Which love to choose, it was the eyes' desire  
Prevailed at last.

And yet I do not think  
I loved him ; for when all the gossips came  
To tell me he was faithless, now with this one  
And now with that, it was not pain I knew,  
Only contempt for him and wounded pride,  
And (though that argues unrequited love),  
A longing for revenge. You cannot know,  
You Northerns, through whose veins the tepid blood  
Creeps slowly, with what pulses the hot tide  
Leaps from our torrid hearts.

Therefore I planned  
A subtle scheme. I wrote a loving letter,

Bidding him meet me in the wood when eve  
Was falling ; I had much to say to him,  
And begged that he would come, for it might prove  
The last time we should meet, and we should be  
Together and alone. Then, when 'twas sent,  
I wrote another to the man I feared,  
Not loved, and bade him to the trysting-place  
A little later, when the dying sun  
Was sinking on the hills, and I would give him  
The answer he had asked. When all was done,  
And both I knew would come—poor fools allured  
By love, where love was not, only revenge  
And hatred—I went forth without a word  
After my toil was done, and took with me,  
Half ignorant of what I did or wherefore,  
Concealed upon my bosom, like the asp  
Of our Egyptian Queen, with shining tube,  
A tiny weapon, for what end I know not

Nor knew ; but with our Gipsy blood 'tis well,  
When passions rise to fever-heat, to hold  
Some strength reserved, and I had done that day  
That which might lead to bloodshed, and 'twere best  
The way to escape lay open, if my fate  
At last should leave me lonely to despair.

Then when the dying day, declining, cast  
Its longer shadows through the darkling wood,  
Hastening, within a little glade I found  
My youthful lover waiting at the place  
Where he should die ere sunset. As I saw him,  
It did repent me of my deed. I fain  
Had warned him of his doom ; but as we sate  
Upon a fallen tree-trunk, side by side,  
Some careless boast, some burst of mocking mirth,  
Some jibe at woman's love, or covert sneer,  
Fanning my jealous fancies into flame,

Filled all my soul with madness. And the sun  
Sank on the hills and a cold chill of eve  
Breathed like the breath of Fate, as, looking up,  
I saw the angry face and lurid eyes  
Of the avenger come ; and knew that doom  
Was nigh, fierce fight and blood, and pain and death.

Ah, I remember well with what fierce rage,  
Poor fools ! they rushed together. I mocked them both,  
Dupes of a loveless woman who cared naught  
Whatever ill befell them, when they closed  
In mortal combat, the strong stalwart man  
And the lithe agile youth. Long time the fight  
Raged doubtfully, 'twixt those slow moving limbs  
And that swift panther tread ; they struck, they strained,  
They twined, until at last the younger fell,  
O'erborne, upon the earth.

Then with a cry

Of rage he rose, and soon the keen knives flashed  
Red in the last rays of the sinking sun ;  
The dark eyes, lighted by an inward fire,  
Burned with the light of hate. And I sat mute  
And motionless, watching as those who sit  
Sporting with blood and pain. I had no wish  
To stay their hands, nor spoke one soothing word  
To avert their doom. The keen eyes, the quick limbs,  
The feints, the thrusts, the parries, moved me not,  
Who sat with eager eyes, and watched the fight,  
Like some tempestuous drama, to the close,  
From act to breathless act. There came no sound  
But the quick clashing knives, the deep drawn breaths,  
The crackle of trampled wood, until at last  
One agonizing cry, and my young lover,  
With large reproachful eyes, fell at my feet,  
Stabbed to the heart.

Then all my former hate

Transformed to love and pity, I rose and fell  
Upon his breast, and kissed him ere he died ;  
And when I rose I saw the angry eyes  
Of the other bent on me, as if he knew  
My secret and despised me. Not a word  
He spoke, nor I, but instantly the flood  
Of passionate love aroused was turned to hate  
For him who did despoil me, and contempt  
For life and for myself, and a great rage  
Against the stronger, rising, blotted out  
All my old thoughts. No more I sought to gain  
Deliverance dying. As he stood before me  
With fierce, victorious eyes, I raised my hand,  
Drew forth the little asp from out my breast,  
And shot him through the brain.

He fell beside

The other, and I stirred not till 'twas night ;  
And when they came, they found me pondering still

On all that sad day's deeds, as if the play  
Was done, and I tired out and loath to stir,  
Though all the lights were out. I did not know  
I loved him till he died, or I had waived  
My poor revenge, or when he died had turned  
My weapon on myself. 'Twas Love, not I,  
That took another life. A murderess  
Call they me? Ah! nay, nay; 'twas never murder,  
When unforeseen misfortune, suddenly  
Arising like a storm-cloud from the sea,  
O'erwhelms us. 'Twas not I that slew my love;  
I knew not that I loved. Had I not loved him,  
I had not slain his slayer, but had borne  
An innocent conscience, and had died self-slain,  
A blameless suicide. But now they come,  
Those servants of your pallid, prudish law,  
And measure our quick pulses, our hot tides  
Of passion by your bloodless ordinances.



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Not thus they used, in that far ancient East,  
Ere first we wandered here. I pray you, sir,  
Think not such ill of me. And yet, oh Heaven,  
I know not ! Why lie those two corpses there,  
There day and night, one with a stony calm,  
And one with angry, unrelenting eyes ? ”

## SELF-SLAIN.

SOFTLY she closed the midnight door,  
The pale stars faded in the sky,  
The sinking waters seemed to sigh  
Low on the lonely shore.

Then quick, along the ghostly down,  
Deep lane, and lonely church she sped,  
By the white silent road which led  
To the faint twinkling town.

Here her dead mother loved to pray ;  
There were the lanes in springtime blue ;  
The wolds which every March she knew  
Alive with bleatings gay ;

Till through the brief June night the Day  
Streamed from the East, with pennons white,  
Skyward the blithe lark soared away,  
And carolled to the Light.

Her limbs a sudden horror stirred,  
Her soul a new-born chill of fear,  
As from the half-hid plain she heard  
The thunderous din draw near.

With throbbing heart and faltering pace,  
Her desperate feet the station gain ;  
She hurries in with hidden face ;  
Shrill shrieks the parting train,

Which takes another victim fair  
To swell the City's sum of ill,  
And that dread chorus of Despair,  
Which rises from her still.

Though Faith and Love and Honour call,  
    Though all the sorrowing Angels strive,  
They keep not feet fore-doomed to fall,  
    Nor a dead soul alive.

## AMERICA AND ARMENIA.

DECEMBER, 1895.

THE sad East faints with blood and pain ;  
Unchecked, the accursed Turk  
Completes his fiendish work ;  
The avenging nations stand with fettered hands,  
Shuddering, with noble aspirations vain,  
Alone our England stands.  
Still on the ravaged plains the cries  
Of death with torture pierce the affrighted skies,  
And we whose souls would fain discern,  
With eyes and lips that burn,  
The Union of our race, the rule of Peace,  
Turn to that greater England over-sea,

Waiting the swelling tide of sympathy,  
The voice of a great people from afar  
Fired to a holy war  
For the weak folk they loved but might not save  
Driven from their desolate homes ;  
Nay, but a silence reigns as of the grave,  
No voice of answer comes !

No answer? Nay, an answer comes indeed,  
Not that of eloquent lips and kindling eyes  
Where Christian thousands meet, but accents cold  
The soulless utterance of the selfish State,  
Rude menace, arrogant word,  
Breathing not love, but hate,  
And that fell arbitration of the sword  
Now at this fateful crisis when  
The hopes of crushed, despairing men  
Turn to our lonely England for redress.  
Ah ! it is worse than wrong ; 'tis darkest wickedness !

And men can dare compute the loss and gain  
Of fratricide ! There, towns made desolate  
By the avenging storm of shot and shell,  
All those fair coasts and seas a gate of hell ;  
Here, white-winged commerce wrecked, a sister State  
Invaded, dreams of close-knit brotherhood  
Drowned in a sea of blood ;  
The blessed thought of Universal Peace  
For centuries banished far ;  
All soaring aspirations doomed to cease,  
Blighted by ruthless war.  
Now, at this moment when our England's arm  
Should save the innocent from deadly harm,  
To cripple her, for some mean sordid aim,  
Some lust for Gold or Place,—  
Sure 'twere the very irony of shame,  
The depth of deep disgrace,  
That the great home of Freedom in the West

By all our Race confest  
The cherished hope of free laborious men,  
Should strike with impotence our England's might,  
Stay her strong arm uplifted for the Right,  
And crown, through Freedom's power ignobly strong,  
The Victory of Wrong.

Forbid it, Heaven ! 'Tis crime, and worse than crime,  
To dream this villainy. The despot's cloak  
Of base intrigue hides not thy limbs sublime,  
August Republic. Thou in flawless mail  
Stridest from sea to sea, and dost prevail,  
By bonds of Law and Righteousness made free.  
Keep thou the thought thy first forefathers spoke ;  
Freedom and Peace be thine, not impious war ;  
Take thou thy fitting place, and let thy word  
For Justice, not for Empery, be heard,  
And thou a radiant, solitary star !



## TO MAY.

How shall I pen a roundelay,  
What shall my halting accents say,  
To one whose childhood fleets away  
On this her seventeenth natal day?  
No solemn note, but light and gay  
Befits the month, the name of May.

Girl, till thy far autumnal day,  
When eyes are dim and hair is grey,  
Keep thou the truth these lines convey :  
Enjoy thy youth, be glad to-day,  
Yet never let thy footsteps stray  
From the unswerving perfect way ;  
The voice within thy soul obey,  
And thy November shall be May !

## LLYN OWAIN.

A LEGEND OF THE VALE OF TOWY.

AMID the folded hills

The lake lies darkly clear ;

A death-like calmness stills

The deep-set mere.

And on its tranquil face,

Like stars upon the night,

Asleep in nymphlike grace,

Float lilies white.

Once, where the lake is now—

Thus old-time legends tell—

Lay, fathom-deep below,

A magic well,

A bubbling fountain deep  
Of fairy hands the boon  
Where shepherds drove their sheep,  
Parching with noon.

Free gift of elfin grace  
For all, whose need being done,  
Should on the spring replace  
The covering stone.

There on his dusty way,  
Athirst and weary, came  
One whom the blaze of day  
Burned like a flame.

Sir Owain, a brave knight  
Of Arthur's court, had come  
Victor in many a fight,  
To his old home.

Weary and spent was he,  
Weary his faithful steed ;  
They stumble helplessly  
In mortal need.

When on the sweet old spring  
Belovéd by the boy,  
The man's eyes, wandering,  
Lighted with joy.

Straight from the bubbling source  
They drank long draughts and deep ;  
Then, with recruited force,  
Sank long in sleep.

But the knight, wholly spent,  
Nor aught remembering,  
Sealed not before he went  
That gracious spring.

Then through a waking dream  
He seemed to hear the sound,  
Of a loud, threatening stream,  
Which hemmed him round.

And seeking in surprise  
Those vanished pastures green,  
Straightway his sorrowing eyes  
Knew what had been.

For where the emerald mead  
Smiled, white with flocks, before,  
Dark waters rolled instead  
From shore to shore.

Then the stout knight, dismayed  
By what his hand had done ;  
In some blind cave, afraid,  
Hid from the sun.

And there in slumbers deep  
He waits his fated hour,  
'To rise from secular sleep  
By Arthur's power.

For he shall wake again  
When Arthur's voice doth call ;  
And from that long-drowned plain  
The flood shall fall.

\* \* \* \*

Fair legend which can bring  
A god-like voice and arm,  
To curb the unfettered spring  
Of age-long harm.

Come soon, blest Presence strong ;  
Bring wisdom in thy train ;  
The earth lies sunk in Wrong--  
Come thou again !

# LLYWELYN AP GRUFFYDD.

## AN ODE.

AFTER dead centuries,  
Neglect, derision, scorn,  
And secular miseries,  
At last our Cymric race again is born,  
Opens again its heavy sleep-worn eyes,  
And fronts a brighter Morn.

Shall then our souls forget,  
Dazzled by visions of our Wales to Be,  
The Wales that Was, the Wales undying yet,  
The old heroic Cymric chivalry ?  
Nay ! one we are indeed,

With that dim Britain of our distant sires  
Still the same love the patriot's bosom fires,  
With the same wounds our loyal spirits bleed,  
The heroes of the Past, are living still  
By each sequestered vale, and cloud-compelling  
hill.

Dear heart that wast so strong  
To guide the storm of battle year by year,  
Last of our Cymric Princes ! dauntless King !  
Whose brave soul knew not fear !  
Thou from Eryri's summits, swooping down  
Like some swift eagle, o'er the affrighted town  
And frowning Norman castles hovering,  
Onward didst bear the flag of Victory ;  
And oft the proud invader dravest back  
In ruin from thy country's bounds, and far  
Didst roll from her the reflux wave of war,



Till 'neath the swelling flood  
The low fat Lloegrian plains were sunk in blood.

Long through rude years of Force and trampled Laws,  
Thy strenuous arm sustained thy country's cause,  
Champion of Wales ; thou through the storm of  
fight

The ruddy Dragon barest flaming bright ;  
Defeat or Victory,  
Alike were naught to thee,  
Undaunted warrior for thy country's weal,  
Scorning the hurtling shaft, the piercing steel ;  
With thy raw levies fronting without fear  
The Marchers' serried ranks, the Norman's spear,  
Comrade of that strong Earl whose prescient mind  
The coming tyrants' power could bind,  
And by free air of high debate,  
Healing the ills of State,

Laid firm for centuries to be

'The fair broad stone of Britain's liberty.

I see thy love-tale blossom like a rose,

Amid the desert of thy troublous life,

Girt round by watchful foes,

And arid wastes of endless pain and strife ;

'The fair maid, sweet and mild,

The great Earl's best-loved child,

Whom crossing the tempestuous sea,

Rude pirate hands long rapt from thee,

At last in some brief truce from war's alarms

Given to thy faithful arms ;

I see thy nuptial pomps by Worcester's reverend shrine,

With England's and with Scotland's King

And close thronged nobles witnessing ;

And then two little years of wedded peace

Thy struggles' brief surcease,

Till thy loved Queen, rapt from the cheerful day,

Traversed too soon the unattended way,  
Leaving her child and thee, and to thy loveless home  
No voice of comfort more, nor peace again might come.  
I see thee when thy lonely widowed heart  
Grew weary of its pain,  
In one last desperate onset vain,  
Hurl thyself on thy country's deadly foes ;  
From North to South the swift rebellion sped,  
The Castles fell, the land arose ;  
Wales reared once more her weary war-worn head  
Through triumph and defeat, a chequered sum,  
Till the sure end should come,  
The traitorous ambush, and the murderous spear ;  
Still 'mid the cloistered glories of Cwmhir,  
I hear the chants sung for the Kingly dead,  
While Cambria mourned thy dear dishonoured head.  
  
Strong son of Wales ! thy fate  
Not without tears, our Cymric memories keep ;

Our faithful, unforgetting natures weep  
The ancestral fallen Great.  
Not with the stalwart arm,  
After her age-long peace,  
We serve her now, nor keen uplifted sword,  
But with the written or the spoken Word  
Would fain her power increase ;  
The Light we strive to spread  
Is Knowledge, and its power  
Comes not from captured town or leaguered tower ;  
A closer brotherhood  
Unites the Cymric and the Anglian blood,  
Yet separate, side by side they dwell, not one,  
Distinct till Time be done.

But we who in that peaceful victory  
Our faith, our hope repose,  
With grateful hearts, Llywelyn, think of thee

Who fought'st our country's foes.  
Whose generous hand was open to reward  
The dauntless patriot Bard,  
Who loved'st the arts of Peace, yet knewest through life  
Only incessant strife.  
Who ne'er, like old Iorwerth's happier son,  
Didst rest from battles won,  
But strovest for us still, and not in vain ;  
Since from that ancient pain,  
After long ages, Cambria of thy love  
Feels through her veins new patriot currents move,  
And from thy ashes, like the Phoenix, springs  
Skyward on soaring wings,  
And fronts, grown stronger for the Days that Were,  
Whatever Fortune, 'neath God's infinite air,  
Fate and the Years prepare !

AN ELEGY, JANUARY 3, 1895.\*

DEAD at the crest, the crown

And blossom of his fortunes, this strong son  
Of our great Realm sank down

Beneath the load of Honours scarcely won.

Windsor's Imperial Towers

Kept watch and ward above him as he lay ;  
His Sovereign lavished flowers  
In gratitude upon his honoured clay.

Through stress and storm afar

He crossed once more the troubled wintry wave  
In that stout ship of War,

By the old flag enshrouded for his grave.

\* On the death at Windsor of Sir John Thompson, the Canadian Premier.

Great Empire, heart and mind

Closer let Britain's sons together draw !

Such lives, such deaths, can bind

A firmer Union than the bond of Law.

May this career sublime,

This honoured ending of an honoured life,

Bear fruit through secular Time

In hearts drawn near, deep peace, averted Strife !

IN MEMORIAM : H. D. H.\*

OBITT, JANUARY 8, 1895.

COLD is the hand to-day,  
The manly voice is still  
Which in years dim and grey,  
Our hearts could thrill.

Low lies the lofty head,  
Hushed the strong life's loud stress,  
We go in heaviness,  
The Master's dead !

Still world-dimmed eyes recall  
The vanished boyish years ;  
The stalwart figure tall,  
The voice that cheers,

\* Hugo D. Harper, many years Headmaster of Sherborne School.



The keen discerning eye,  
The passionate hate of ill,  
The generous sympathy,  
Live with us still.

The genial laugh awakes  
The courts with early morn,  
The deep voice thrills and breaks  
In pity or scorn.

Sleep sound, strong soul, sleep well !  
To many an English home,  
The echo of thy knell  
Shall sadly come.

Or where 'mid forests still,  
Or the far Austral plain,  
Thy grey-beard scholars thrill  
With sudden pain ;

Recalling the old School,  
The unforgotten years,  
The dead man's kindly rule  
With grateful tears.

ABERYSTWYTH, MARCH 1, 1895.\*

TO-DAY we come to sow

(Rejoice, 'tis Spring, 'tis Spring !)

The seed which soon shall grow,

To a diviner thing.

The stone which here we lay

To stately heights shall rise,

Through happy years to be

Fronting the approving skies.

Give praise, be glad ; 'tis Spring to-day, 'tis Spring !

Once the fond woman's heart

Dwarfed the swift woman's mind :

Divorced, they pined apart.

Now, heart and brain combined,

\* On laying the foundation stone of the Hall of Residence for Women.

A loftier height shall reach.

Each soul that blossoms here,  
Still through a widening sphere,  
All it has learnt shall teach.

Be glad, rejoice ; 'tis Spring to-day, 'tis Spring !

Bright day expected long !

Forget we not to praise  
Her whose clear artless song  
Her sisters' lot would raise,  
Whose full and generous hand  
Aided, nor here alone ;  
Nor those who come a kindred band  
To lay this fateful stone.

Build quick, build strong, their women's voices sing !

Not less we rear a shrine

Who build to-day, than they

Who, in dim ages grey,

Reared minster-towers divine.

Knowledge is God-like—not to know

The Eternal Law is Wrong.

Let woman's nature grow

To high fulfilment strong.

Advance ! Aspire ! Achieve ! Be this our song !

ST. PAUL'S, FEBRUARY 3, 1896.

FROM Art's new-widowed Halls,  
    Slow through the shrouded street  
The dark procession crawls  
    With ordered feet.

Through the wide Western door,  
    As 'twere a crownèd head,  
Comes, to return no more,  
    The Honoured Dead.

The wailing voices sigh,  
    The solemn trumpets blare,  
While thick mists hide the sky  
    And choke the air.

Scarce can Man's feeble light  
    Dispel the gathered gloom,  
Which like a drear half-night  
    Broods round the tomb.

Scarce by sweet soaring song  
    And Paul's triumphant word,  
Through the sad ritual long,  
    Our souls are stirred.

When, lo ! one golden ray,  
    Waking the Dome above,  
Floats on its glowing way,  
    Winged like a dove ;

Sets first a golden crown  
    On each angelic head,  
Then slowly trembles down  
    Where lies the dead,

And on the fading white  
Of lilies seems to burn,  
That in the kindly light  
To Amaranths turn,

Bringing a prayer, a breath  
Of hope ere all is done :  
“ Night cannot quench, nor Death  
Life’s mystic Sun.”



LINEs ON THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE  
OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT,  
FEBRUARY 11, 1896.

SEVEN years have fled since on thy honoured clay  
I laid a fading wreath of grateful verse ;  
Willing, once more I come again to-day  
Thy unforgotten virtues to rehearse ;  
Friend of the friendless else, thou art not dead  
Whilst still one voice laments thy honoured head !

Nay, nay, rejoice ! the time is past for tears.

Now when our long-lost leader comes to stand  
Pleading once more for England 'midst his peers,  
Pure as the marble from the sculptor's hand,—

Not grief be ours, but joy that he has come,  
Who being dead yet speaketh, to his home.

Here 'mid the lengthening pageant of the Great  
Still let him stand, speechless yet eloquent,  
Taking the eager air of high debate,  
And echoes of our freeman's Parliament ;  
Here let him plead as erst impassioned, strong  
In love of Right, and scorn and hate of Wrong.

Ah ! well that he is come ! the peoples groan ;  
Torture and murder vex them day by day.  
Would he were living still to hear their moan  
And fright the accursed spoiler from his prey  
Yet though his voice warlike for peace is gone  
Pray Heaven its accents still go widening on !

Here from his silent lips be wafted far  
A gracious message over land and sea,

Deep horror of the fratricide of war,  
High aspirations for the Peace to be,  
As when long years ago his eloquent word,  
Spent though in vain, the listening Senate stirred.

Here let him plead again the toiler's cause,  
The burden of the oppressed, the weak, the slave,  
Crushed to the earth by old abusive laws,  
The voice of freedom dies not with the grave ;  
Mute though they seem, those lips so cold and white  
Shall glow with burning utterance for the right.

Stand here, great Englishman ! Earth knows to-day  
No prouder title than that world-wide name ;  
Though thrones and rank and honours pass away,  
There comes no cloud that shall obscure thy fame.  
Here in the precincts where thy years were spent  
Inspire, sustain thy well-loved Parliament !

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OF

LEWIS MORRIS.



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## SONGS UNSUNG.

“Some of the more important pieces make almost equal and very high demands alike on my sympathy and my admiration.”—MR. GLADSTONE, November, 1883.

“The reader of his former work will probably commence this volume with considerable expectations. Nor will he be altogether disappointed, although he will probably wish that Mr. Morris had given the world more of his exquisite classical workmanship.”—*Fortnightly Review*, November, 1883.

“‘The New Creed’ is, in some respects, his most striking achievement. The poem is one well suited to his mind, but we are not aware that he has ever before written anything

at once so impressive, so solemn, and so self-restrained. The last two lines have all the happy energy of the highest poetry.”—*Spectator*, November 10th, 1883.

“For ourselves we dare hardly say how high we rank Mr. Morris. This last volume is deserving of highest praise. In some of its contents no living poet, to our mind, can surpass him.”—*Oxford University Herald*, March 8th, 1884.

“In some respects we must award him the distinction of having a clearer perception of the springs of nineteenth-century existence than any of his contemporaries. . . . What could be more magnificent than the following conception of the beginning of things. . . .”—*Whitchall Review*, October, 1883.

“This volume is likely to add to his reputation. It is healthy in tone, and shows no decline of the varied qualities to which the author owes his widespread reputation.”—*Times*, June 9th, 1884.

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## GYCIA.

“‘Gycia’ abounds in powerful dramatic situations, while the intricate evolutions of a double plot in love and statecraft provoke perpetual curiosity, which is only fully satisfied at the end. The heroine, in her single-minded patriotism and her undeviating devotion to duty, rises to the level of the loftiest feminine conceptions of the old Greek dramatists. The form of the verse is so picturesque, and the flow is so free, that we should say, if effectively delivered, it must command an appreciative audience. It would have been difficult for any poet to do full justice to the thrilling scene where Gycia denounces the treason of her husband and his countrymen to the chief magistrates of the

State. Yet Mr. Morris has done it well."—*Times*, October 18th, 1886.

"The *dramatis persone* have life and individuality; the situations are for the most part strong and rich in really dramatic effects; and the action never drags, but is always in determinate progressive movement. A drama of which these things can be truthfully said is not merely good as drama, but has that element of popularity which is of more practical value than the absolute goodness of which only critics take account."—MR. J. A. NOBLE, in the *Academy*, November 20th, 1886.

"It is hardly necessary to praise the nobility and the dignity, the sweetness and the strength, of Mr. Morris's verse. 'Gycia' will add to his already firmly founded reputation as a dramatic poet and writer of noble blank verse. It is one of the few works by recent English poets that seem capable of thrilling an audience upon the stage, as well as enchaining the mind of the student in the chamber."—*Scotsman*, November 10th, 1886.

"I have lost no time in reading your tragedy. I perused it with great interest, and a sense throughout of its high poetic powers."—MR. GLADSTONE, October 20th, 1886.

"To take up 'Gycia' is not to lay it aside again until you have read it through to the last page. It possesses all the requisites for a good play. Whether it succeed on the stage or not, and we heartily wish it success, it will ever be read with pleasure by those who can appreciate what there is of refined and beautiful, noble and true in literature, or art, or higher things still."—*The Month*, January, 1887.

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## SONGS OF BRITAIN.

“Mr. Morris has done well to incorporate in his new volume three stories of Wild Wales, which are its most important portion. They are told with spirit and charm of local colour. In his treatment of subjects already free of Parnassus, he has a happy way of hitting off charming pictures and felicitous modes of expression.”—*Athenæum*, April 30th, 1887.

“Mr. Morris’s new book strikes us as being by much the most popular that he has yet put forth, and displays greater poetic quality than he has ever before shown. His verse is richer, fuller, and more melodious, but, better than this, his feeling for his subject is well-nigh perfect. Such lightness of touch and such sympathy he has never before shown. It is easy to mar the exquisite beauty of such gossamer things as these old traditions, but he has not done so by so much as a jarring word. Softly, sweetly, tenderly, the story glides along, and not until the last word is reached is the spell broken. Mr. Morris has here cut his highest niche as a poet.”—*Liverpool Mercury*, April 30th, 1887.

“As to technical form and diction, his fame will rest on his blank verse, which is remarkably lucid, even, and sustained, often powerful, and sometimes highly beautiful. He composes fine pictures, and paints them well and strongly with a certain mannerism—the manner of Tennyson at his best. In the beautiful poem, ‘In Pembrokeshire, 1886,’ and elsewhere, he gives us the perfect atmosphere and sentiment of scenery, but then so many of the moderns have caught this art.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 23rd, 1887.

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## A VISION OF SAINTS.

### PRESS NOTICES OF THE FIRST EDITION.

“It would be easy to quote a score of passages to show that he can still write blank verse which for harmony, purity of inspiration, and simplicity of diction cannot easily be matched. In the story of S. Christopher there are lines of singular beauty.”—*St. James's Gazette*, 1890.

“The most successful of his works.”—*Christian World*, 1890.

“The ‘Vision of Saints’ is so superb a thing, so rich, so full, so strong, stimulating, and elevating in thought, so fine in imagery and exquisite in execution, so admirably balanced and rounded, that we feel guilty of something like sacrilege in dismissing it with a few brief comments. The book is a casket of gems.”—*Publishers' Circular*, 1890.

“Recalls the success of the ‘Epic of Hades.’ Will receive a hearty welcome from all who can appreciate high thought expressed in noble verse. What an immense power is at the command of the writer who ventures to take for his theme a subject that touches the inmost heart of man!”—*Literary World*, 1891.

“We have again the same polished language, the same air of scholarly refinement as before, the fit words in fitting order that make his blank verse, if not the highest, yet very near it.”—*Bookseller*, 1891.

“He has gone near to repeating the wonderful success of the ‘Epic of Hades.’”—*Liverpool Daily Post*, 1891.

“In this poem he has lost nothing of his deep sense of beauty, his vivid fancy, or his mastery of the music of English verse.”—*Daily News*, 1891.



"Sympathy with heroic suffering is the keynote of the volume, deep earnestness is revealed in every page. 'A Vision of Saints' is a book which cannot be neglected."—*Liverpool Mercury*, 1891.

"As good as anything that he has done, and his large circle of readers will greet it with a renewal of old pleasure."—*Scotsman*, 1891.

"Worthy to rank with the 'Ode of Life' in power, sweetness, and melody, and, like the 'Epic of Hades,' full of lines of exquisite beauty and far-reaching moral suggestiveness."—*Leeds Mercury*, 1891.

"With the exception of the 'Epic,' it is much the most conspicuous piece of work that Mr. Morris has given us. For simple narrative we know hardly any writer of the present day who is master of a style equally meritorious. The poet who is recognized as the interpreter of his generation is the popular poet of his time. He may not be the greatest poet of his age. But he holds a great position, and may do much for good or evil. In the fullest sense that position is occupied for the generation now closing by Lord Tennyson, and next to him there is no one who has been so widely accepted by the run of general readers as Mr. Lewis Morris."—*Church Quarterly Review*, April, 1891.

"His voice is not the voice of science rebuking science, nor always of higher knowledge silencing lower, nor can he always give us a sound reason for the faith that is in him. But as the poet of the religion of our fathers, he has spoken not in vain. For above all, he is full of that sincerity which Carlyle considered indispensable to true greatness. . . . Many that read him will feel a fresh comfort and consolation which they will not scorn to acknowledge."—*Murray's Magazine*, January, 1891.

"It is written in singularly clear and graceful blank verse. Throughout this long poem his verse is never trivial; passages

of dignified narrative, of graceful description, of eloquent pathos, succeed each other in pleasant alternation without any failure of ear or relaxation of artistic effort on the part of the poet. As mere stories, most of these sketches could not easily be surpassed, and their graceful music is sure to be widely popular."—*Academy*, February 28th, 1891.

"‘A Vision of Saints’ has a commanding force of influence upon the sympathies of all who are moved to reverential admiration of deeds of self-sacrifice in the great cause of the Faith. The success which he has achieved is marked."—*Liverpool Mercury*, January, 1891.

"The story of S. Roch is not so clearly told as is usual with Mr. Morris, but that of S. Francis of Assisi is put with a clearness and an accompanying pleasantness of description which call for praise."—*Athenæum*, March 14th, 1891.

"We are much mistaken if the ‘Vision of Saints’ will not prove to be the most widely popular of all the efforts of his muse."—*Sheffield Independent*, March 26th, 1891.

"Fluency and suavity, the chief characteristics of Mr. Morris’s blank verse, are admirably suited to adorn the gentle earnestness which marks his thought to enshrine the calm long-suffering heroism of his saints. Of the ‘Vision of Saints’ we can say heartily, in Mr. Morris’s own words, what we believe will be the verdict of every open-minded reader—

‘These high processions lingering with me seemed  
To purify my soul.’"

—*Speaker*, March 28th, 1891.

## SONGS WITHOUT NOTES.

"These songs exemplify anew Mr. Morris's faculty for giving graceful, melodious, and distinguished expression to thoughts that are somewhat lacking in distinction. 'The Voice of Spring' displays his muse at its best. We cannot refuse to admire his healthy optimism, his glowing faith, and his attempts to idealize and draw a lesson from the more sordid aspects of modern life."—*The Times*, April 12th, 1894.

"The poems, chiefly lyrical, of Mr. Lewis Morris's new volume will please a great number of persons, since the qualities of 'Songs without Notes' are precisely those that have gained for previous volumes of this poet a considerable and partially intelligible popularity. A reposeful and sober style, a subdued pathos, a poetic manner mellifluously bland, appeal to most readers. 'At a Country Wedding' is an agreeable example of the chastened expression and placid flow of his lyric verse. It is a pretty epithalamium, and decidedly unconventional. Charming also is the 'Voice of Spring,' with its refrain-like close. We turn with pleasure to the stanzas entitled 'Marathon,' in which his qualities are happily blended."—*Saturday Review*, April 21st, 1894.

"The new book contains much good and graceful poetry. But it is provokingly unequal. He is not to be judged by the poetaster's standard, and things which from the pen of a lesser man might pass as merits, in him must be imputed as faults. But it is pleasant to acknowledge that in this book Mr. Morris is often at his best, and than his best no English singer, save perhaps one, can do better."—*Liverpool Daily Post*, March 21st, 1894.

"The longest poems are 'A Last Will,' 'At the Gate,' and 'The Voice of Spring,' and they are far and away the most important and the best. They reflect a good deal of the thought and manner of Tennyson, and are marked by much of the same

perfection of style and graceful expression."—*Aberdeen Daily Free Press*, April 30th, 1894.

"Readers of the most varied tastes will each find in it a pleasure of his own. If it does not increase his reputation, it will confirm and extend it, and will be welcome to lovers of poetry wherever English poetry is read."—*Scotsman*, April 16th, 1894.

"In these pages Mr. Morris shows once more a manly and reverent tenderness in presence of the waifs and strays of humanity, nor has he lost the power to interpret the unsuspected nobleness of lives which seem to careless eyes prosaic and uninviting."—*Leeds Mercury*, April 14th, 1894.

"Why 'Songs without Notes' is a mystery, for on the whole melodious music is the principal merit of the work. Now the verse glides gently and sweetly along, now it rushes in full flood. In the 'Last Will' the poet's art triumphs in spite of its subject. In spite of poetical translations of sermons, and efforts at sacred lyrics, and semi-scientific essays in verse, Mr. Morris bursts out occasionally into real song. Here, for example, is a beautiful piece of description from the 'Voice of Spring'—

'When the white pear bloom lights the wall,  
And gilly-flowers embalm the air;  
When shining chestnut cases fall,  
And lilacs cluster fair;  
When 'mid the bursting coverts show  
The blue-eyed violets and the windflowers' snow . . .'

—*National Observer*, June 2nd, 1894.

"The author's laurels have been generally won in narrative poetry and in blank verse. There is much in his Songs to widen the sympathy and elevate the feeling."—*Spectator*, July 28th, 1894.

"Will certainly not diminish, and may even enhance, his reputation. We can recollect no previous poem of his more charming than 'The Voice of Spring.' 'From an American Sermon,' again, shows the poet at his best, and the three semi-official odes are all happily turned. We sincerely congratulate him on his new volume."—*Guardian*, August 15th, 1894.



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